

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART





HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



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- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

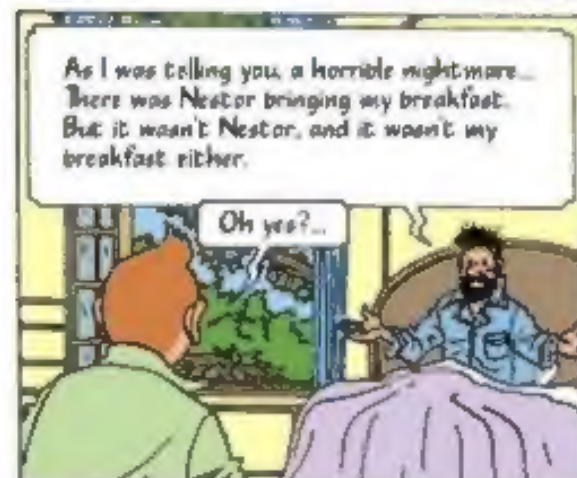
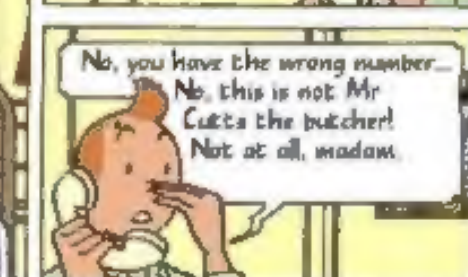
TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

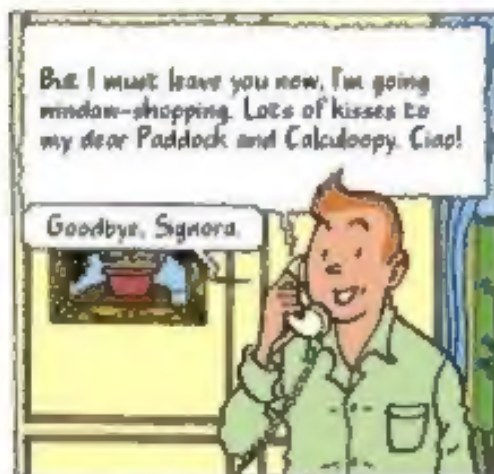
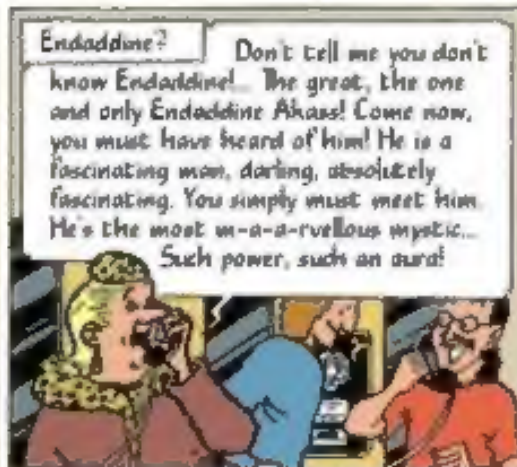


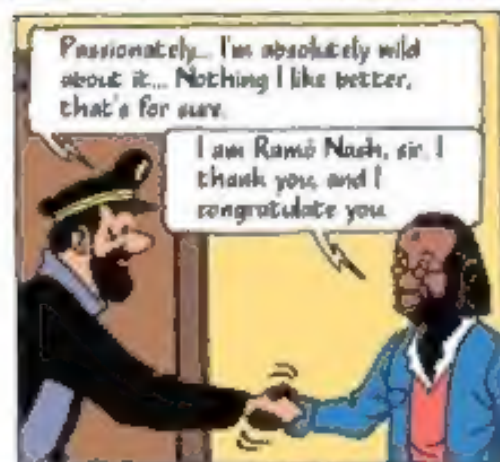
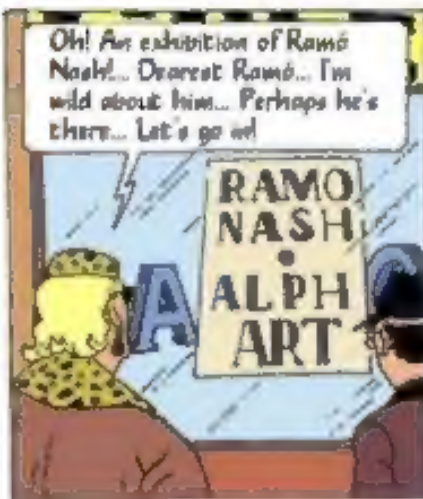
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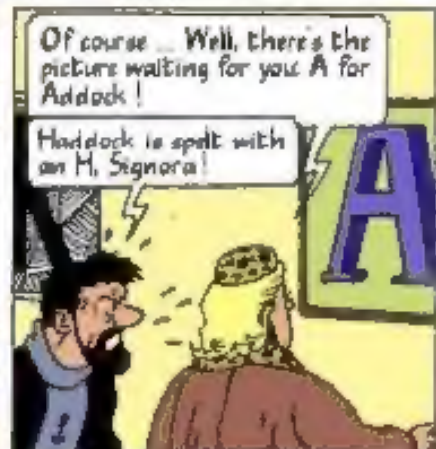
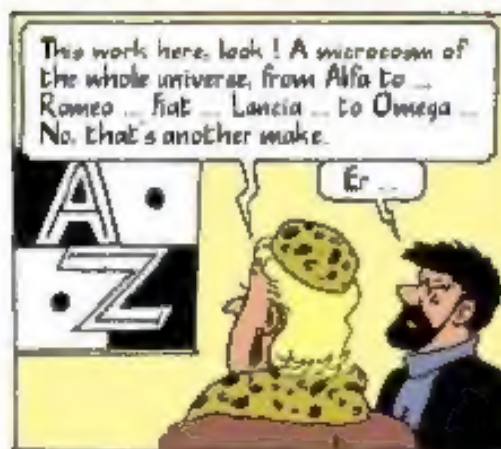
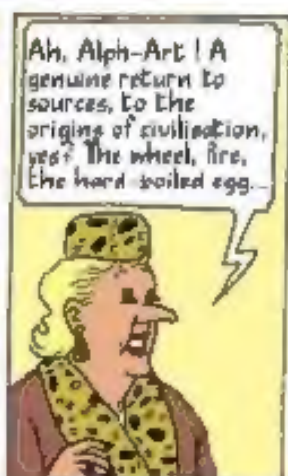
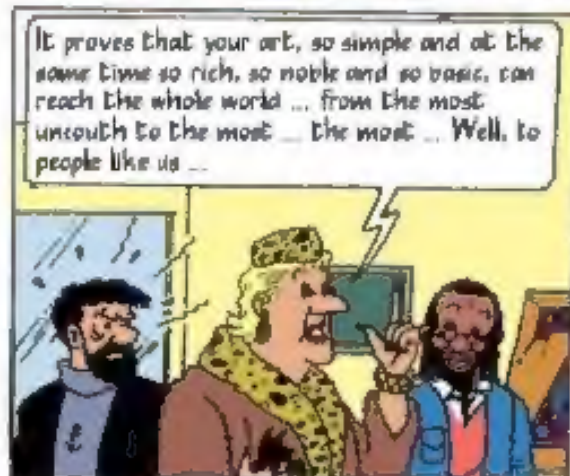
TINTIN and ALPH-ART

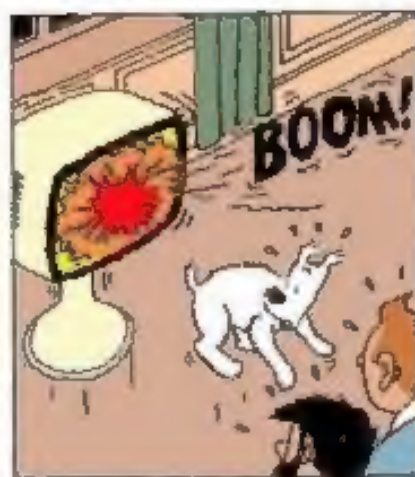
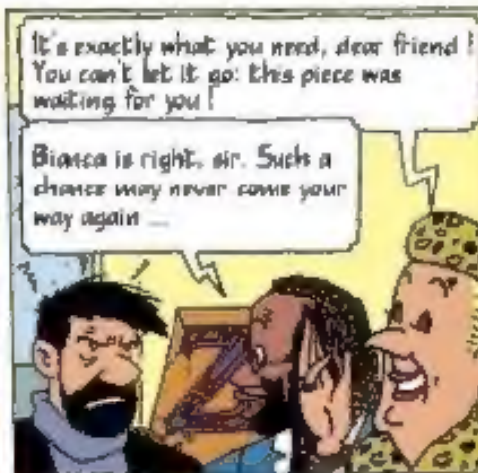


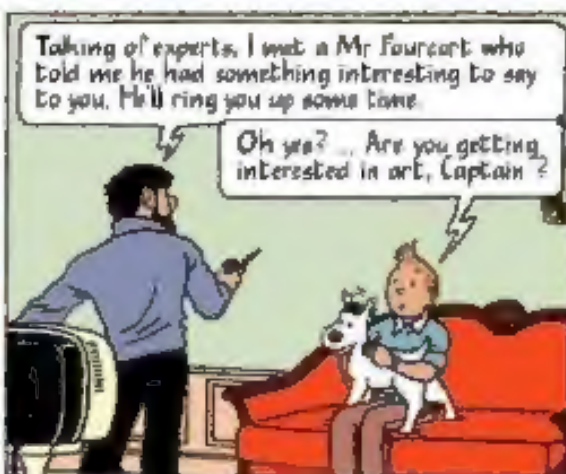
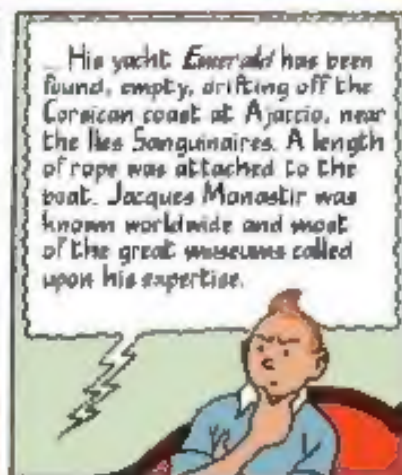


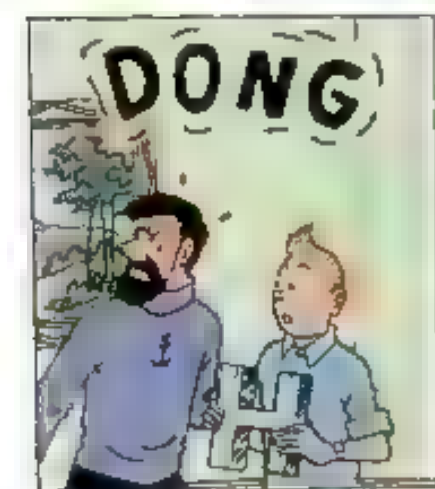


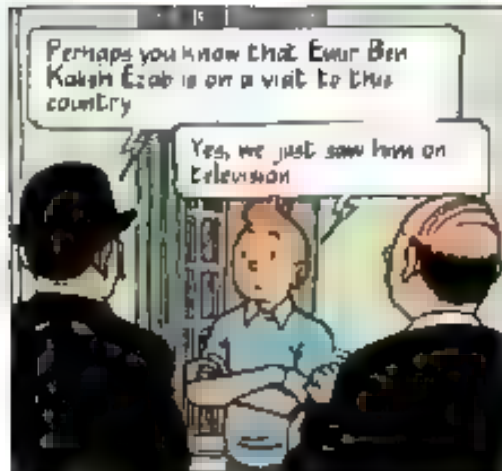


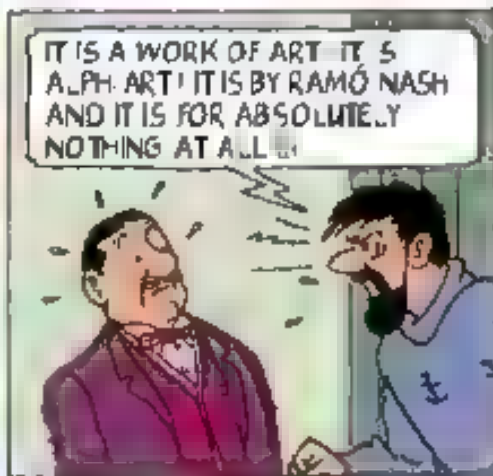
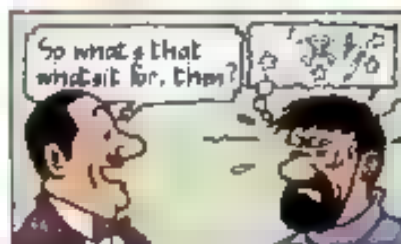
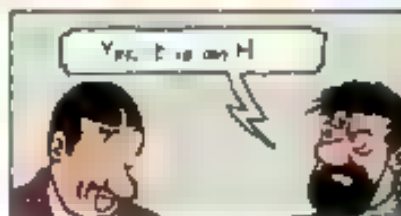


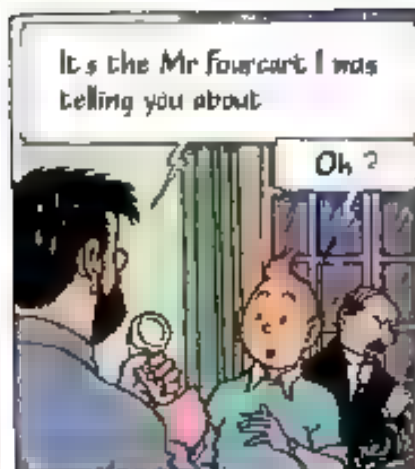












It's the Mr Fourcart I was telling you about

Oh?



Hello, yes. Yes, I'm
Tintin. Gladly
Tomorrow late afternoon?
Certainly, about
six o'clock. Fine
Till tomorrow then Mr
Fourcart



We're really upto our necks in art
You meet Ramé Nash. You buy some
Alph-Art. An expert disappears off
Ajaccio. Another expert has something
to tell me Ben Kalish Ezab wants to
build an art museum



Ahem

Yes?



Will you be needing me
again, sir?

No Nestor



Tell me, Nestor, what
do you think of this?
Honestly now

What is
it, sir?



It's an H, Nestor, as
you can see

Yes Sr, I do see And
what is it for, sir?



Nothing, Nestor it's a work
of art. Goodnight Nestor



So, Captain, you've thought
about our proposition?

Which was?



About letting the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab and his
son stay here incognito?

already told you -
Abdullah is never
setting foot under this
roof again!



That's fine, but if you
ever change your
mind you will let us
know won't you?



Of course Good-
night, gentlemen.

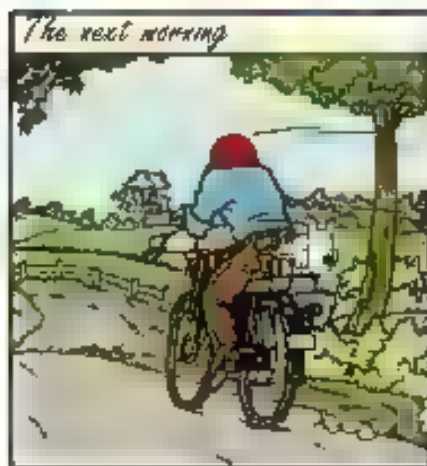
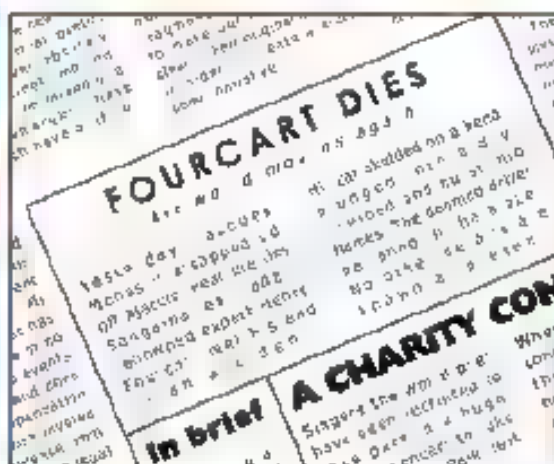
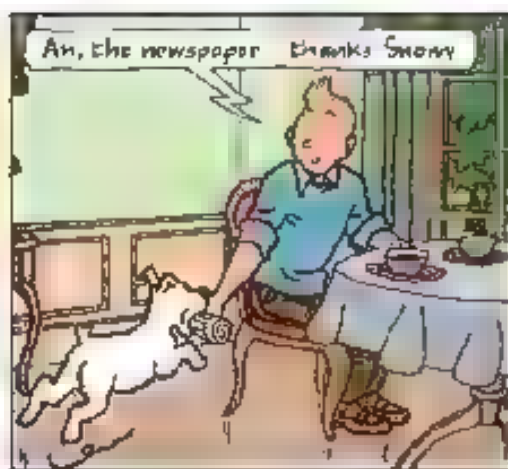
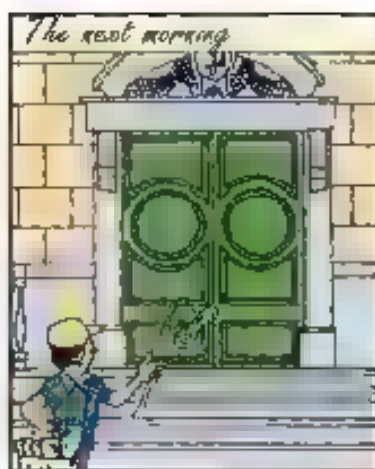


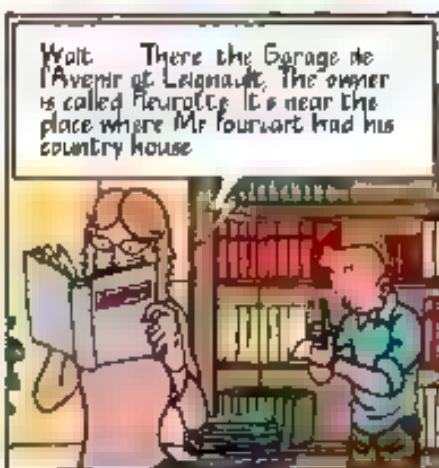
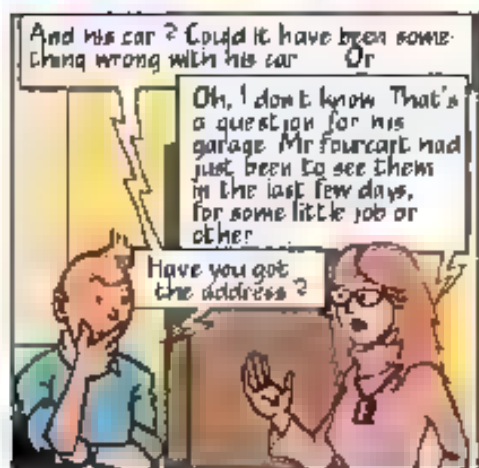
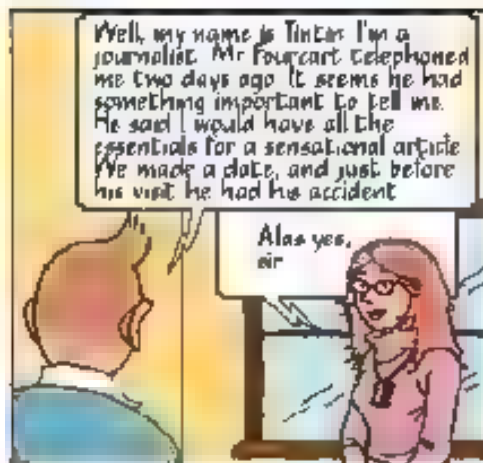
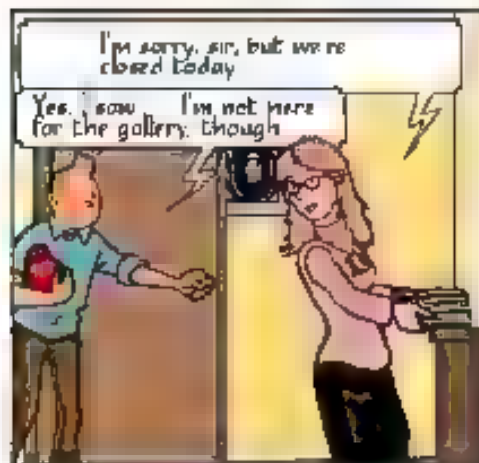
The next evening

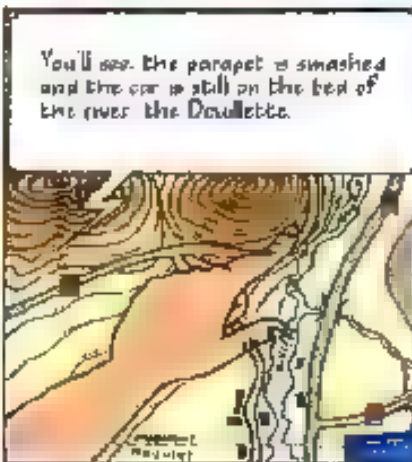
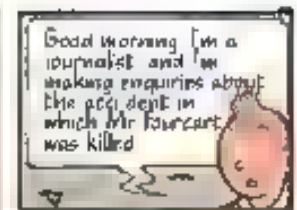
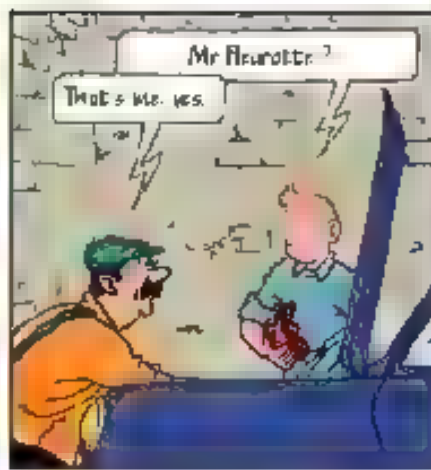
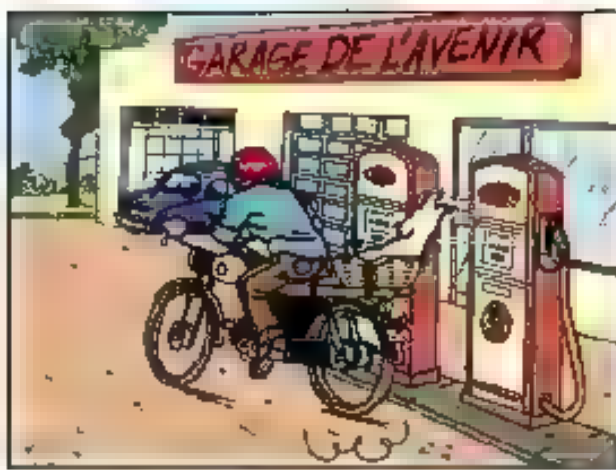
Ten to six Mr
Fourcart should be
here soon.

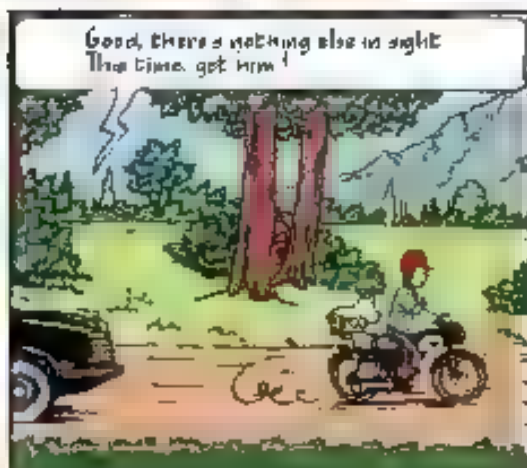
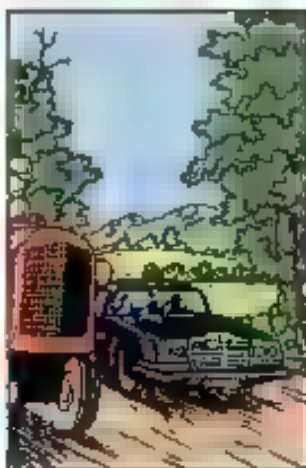
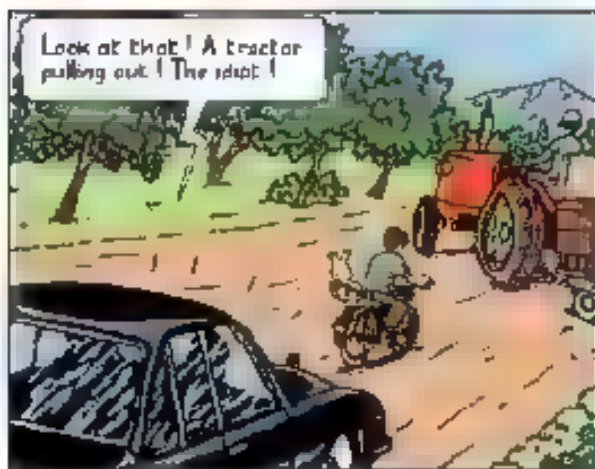
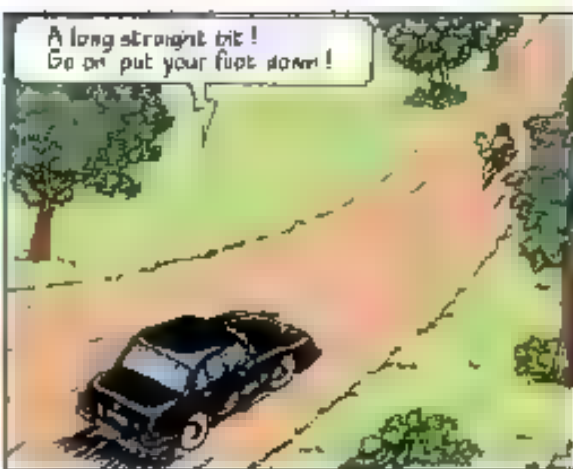


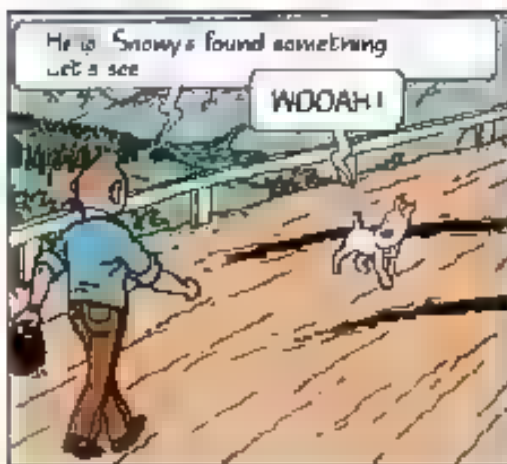
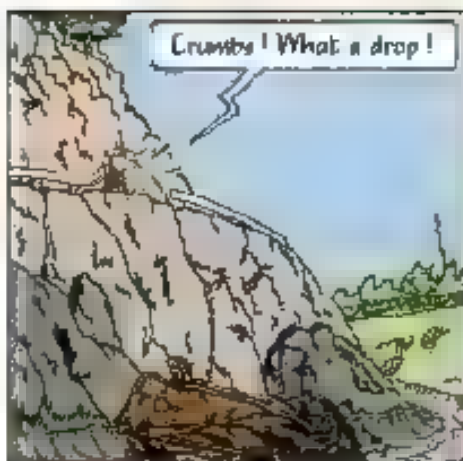
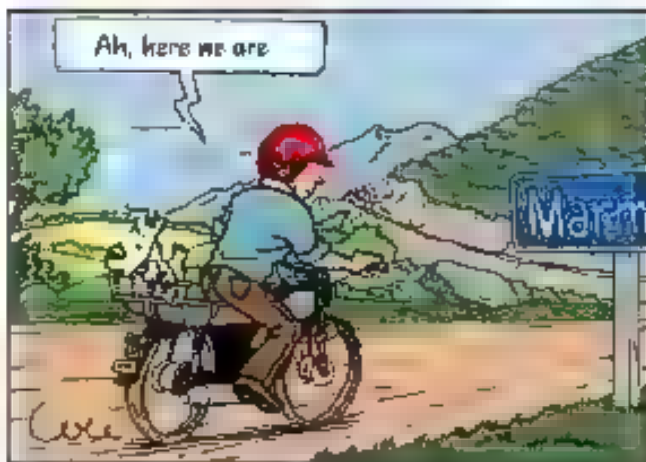
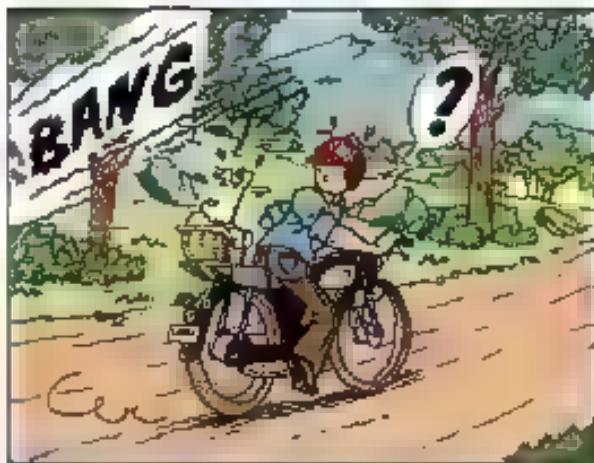
Half past seven Our
Mr Fourcart surely won't
come now. Funny
Has he forgotten our
meeting?

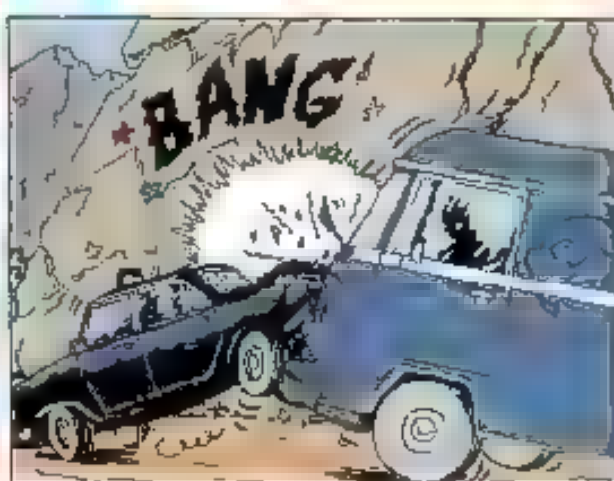
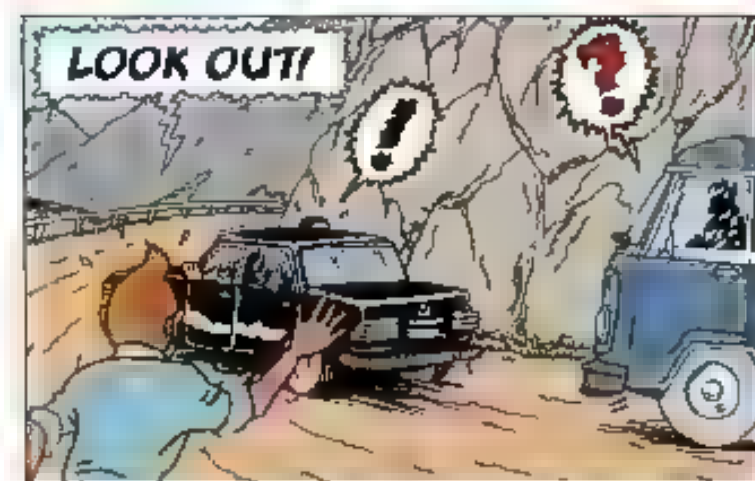
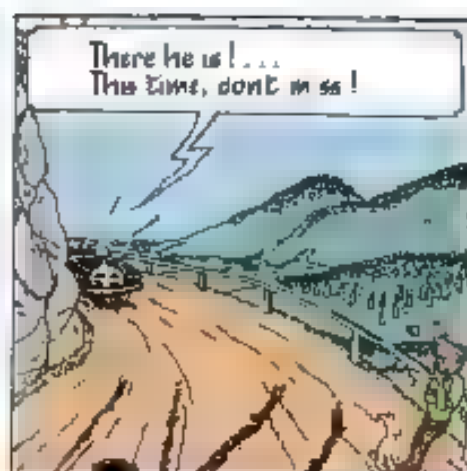
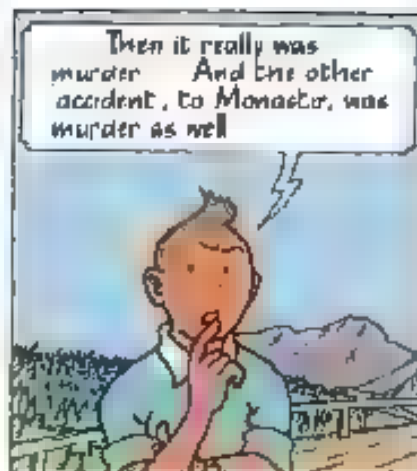
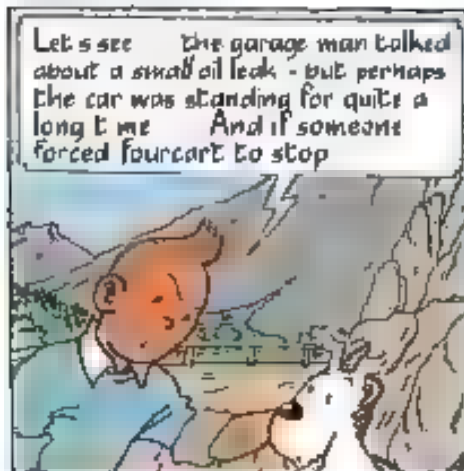


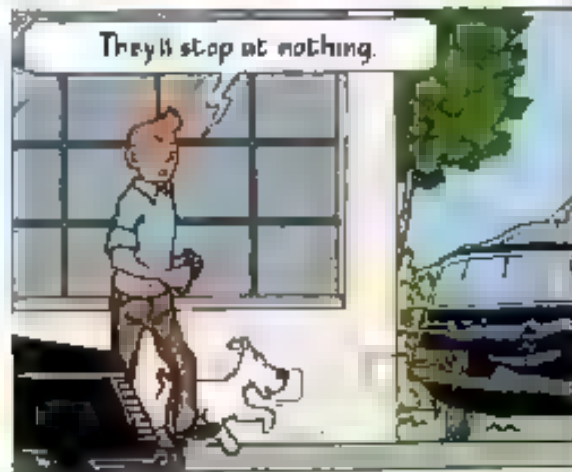
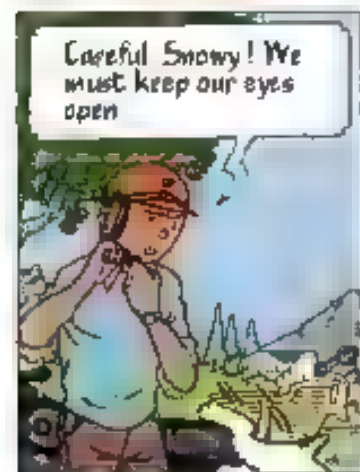
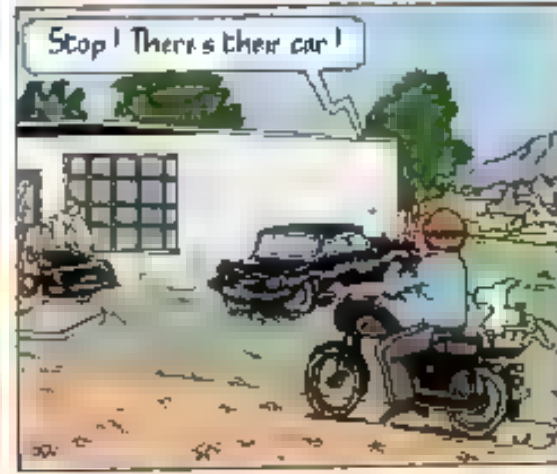


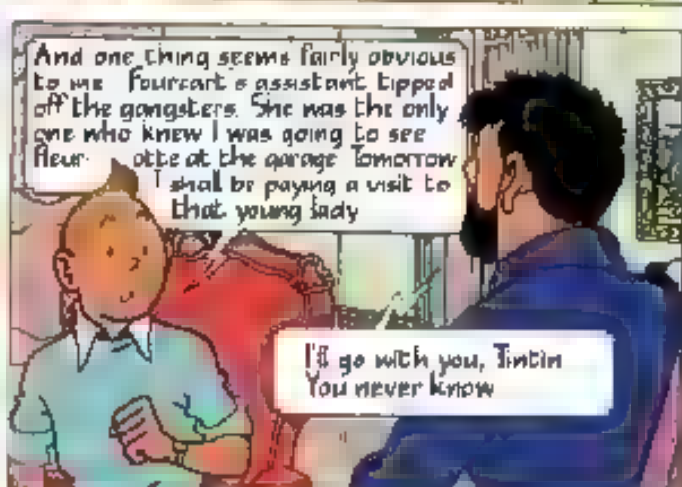
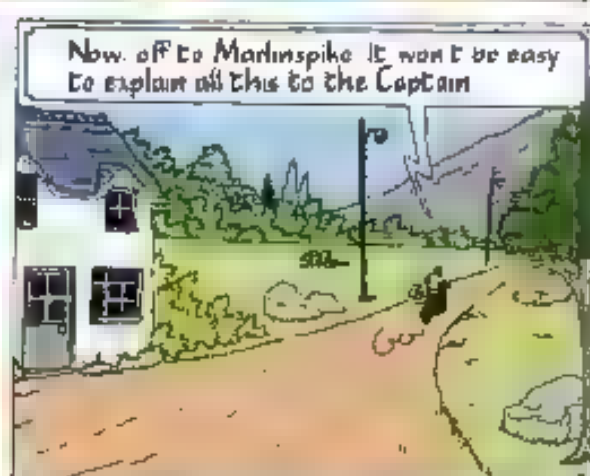


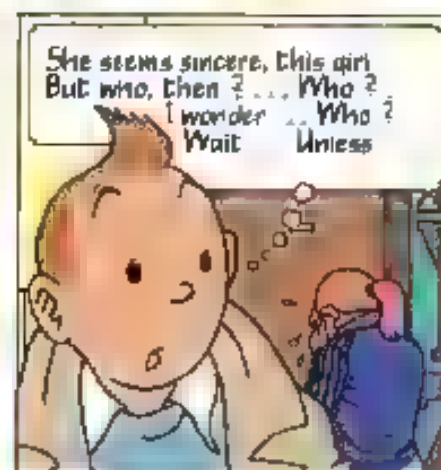
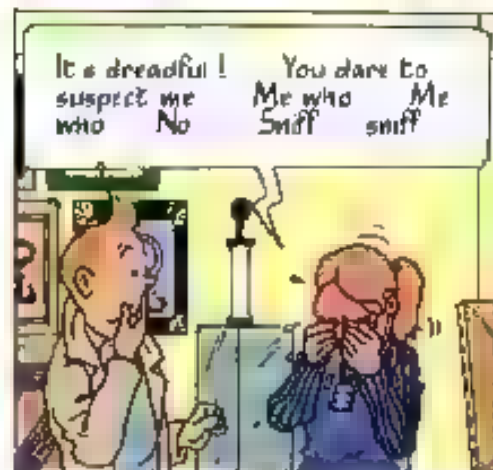
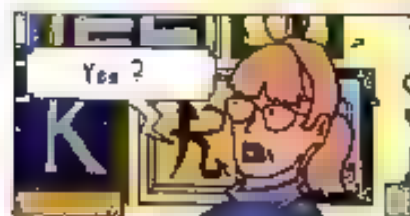
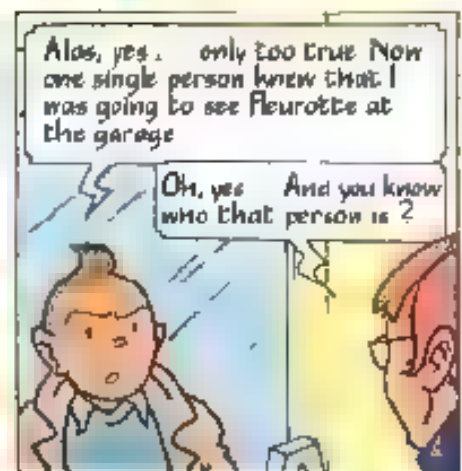
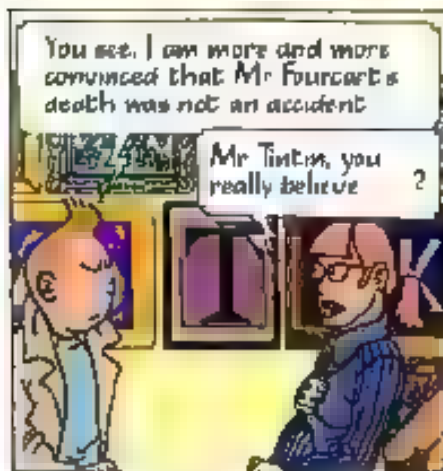


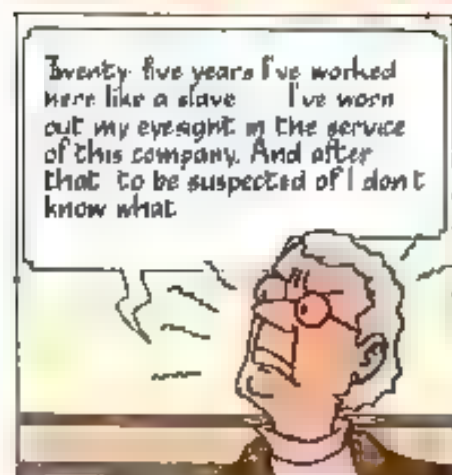


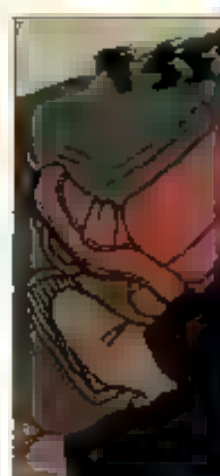
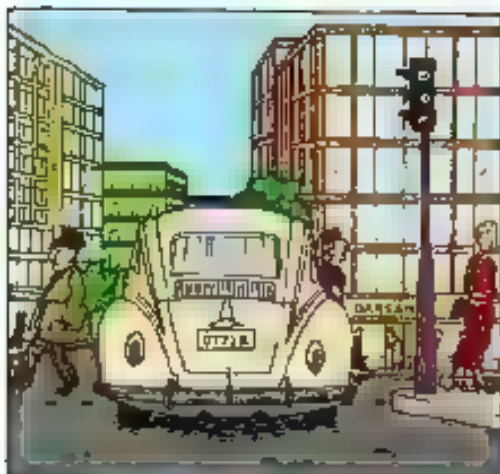
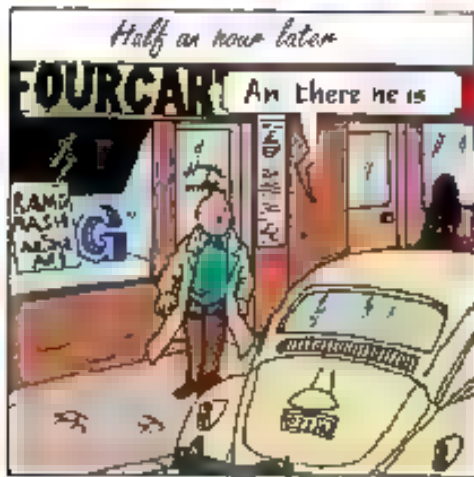
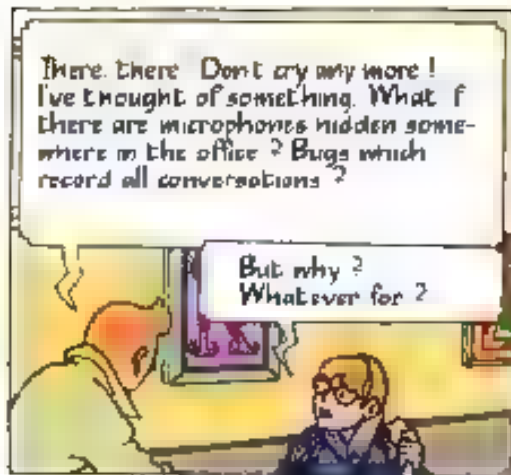


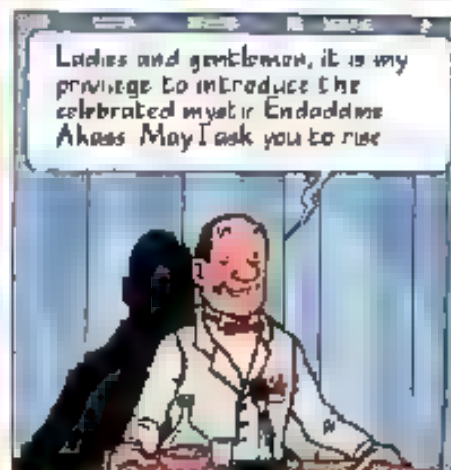
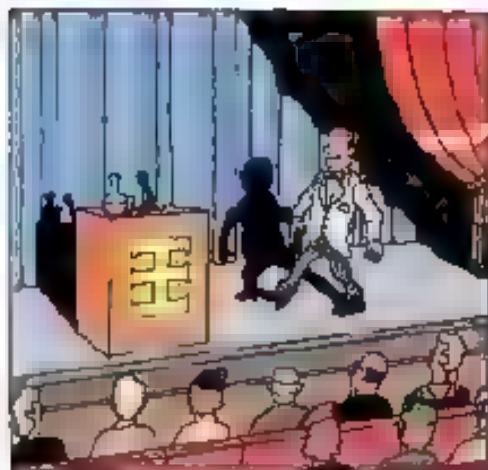
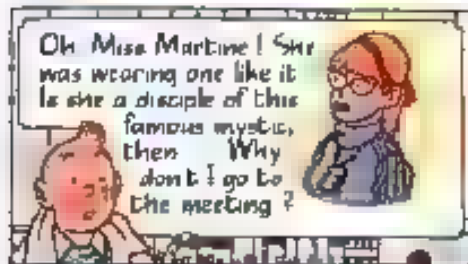
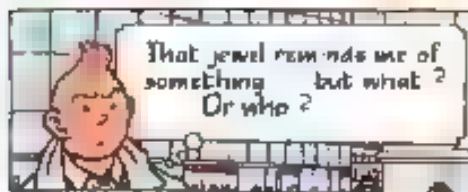


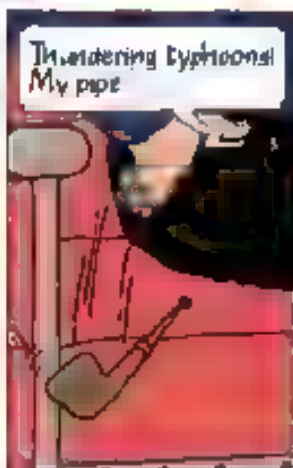
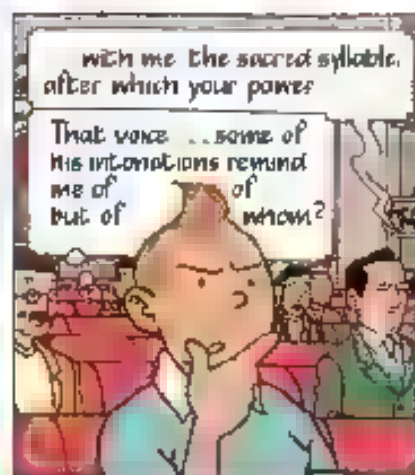
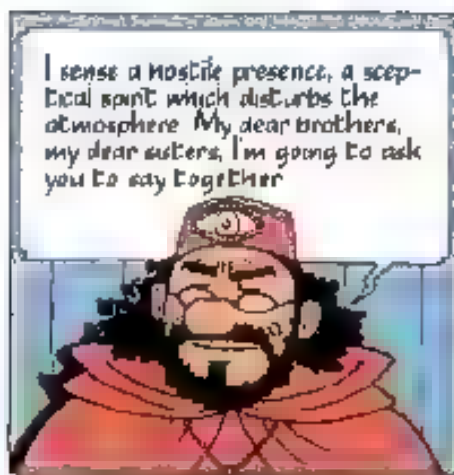




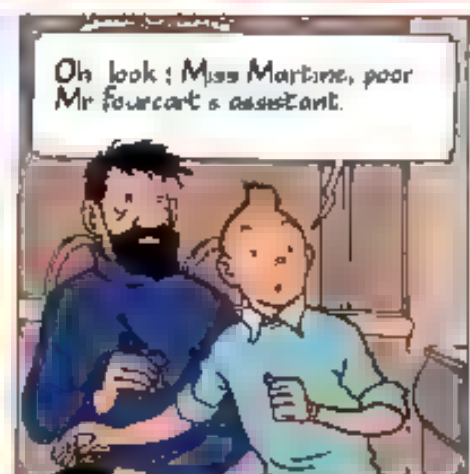
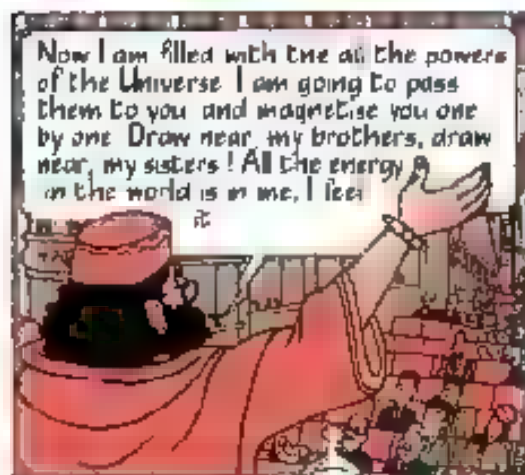
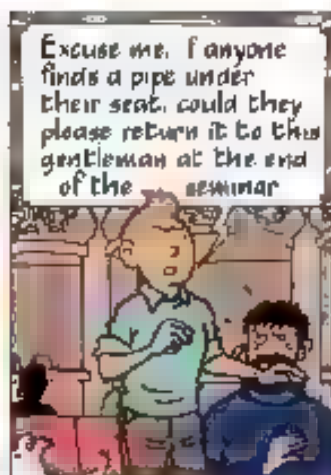


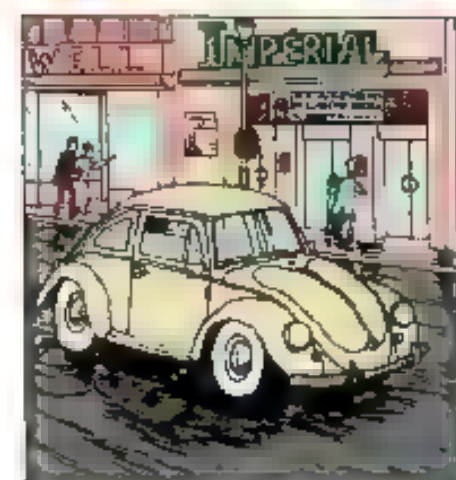
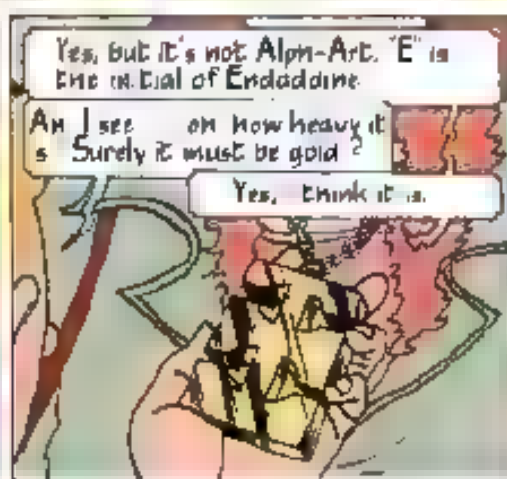
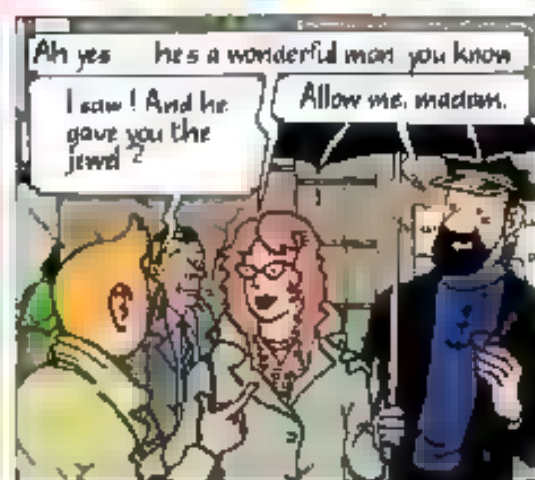
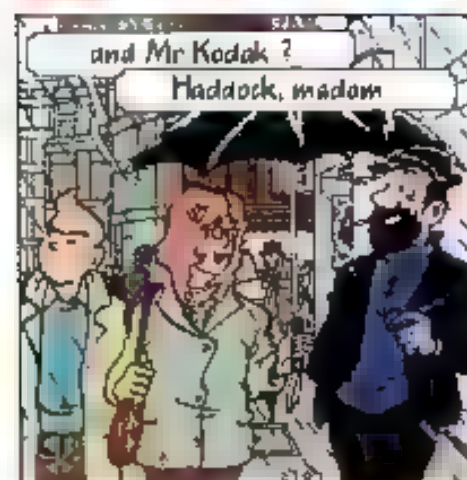


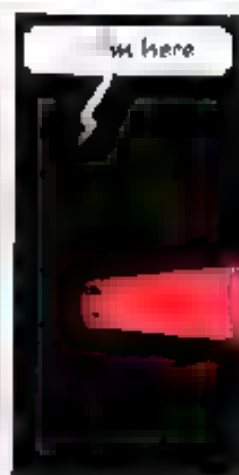
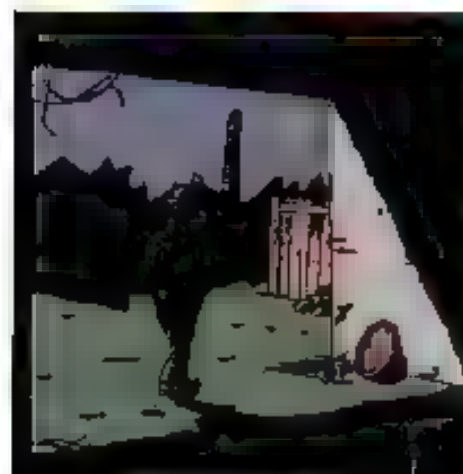
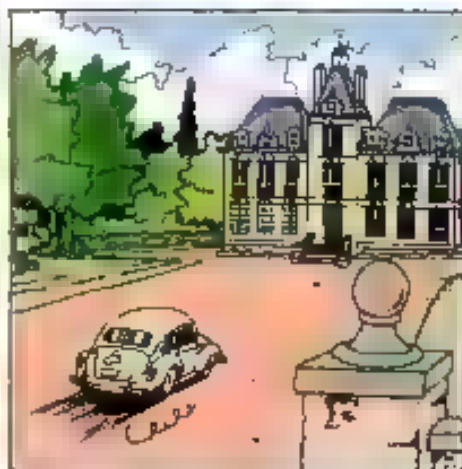


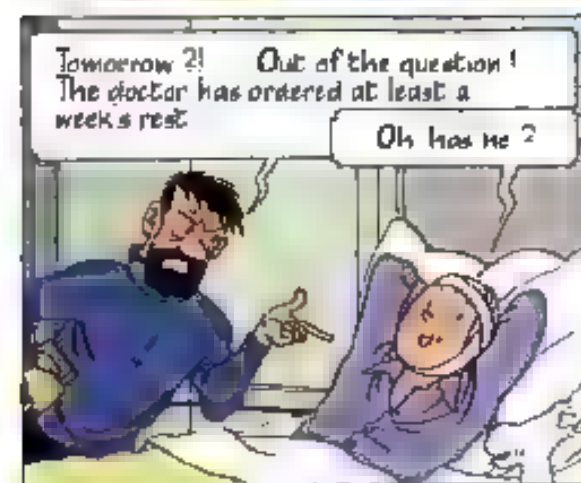
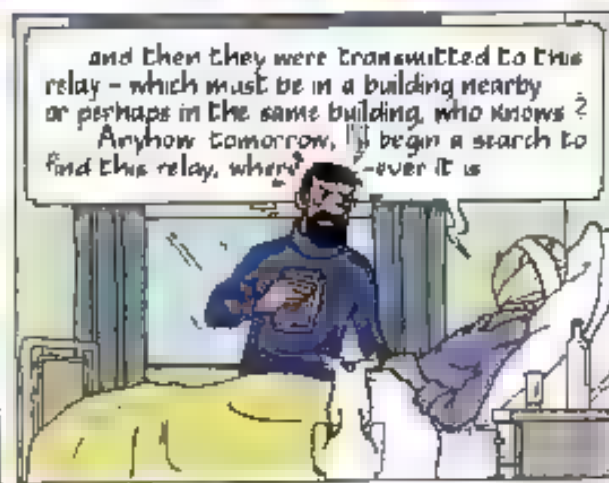
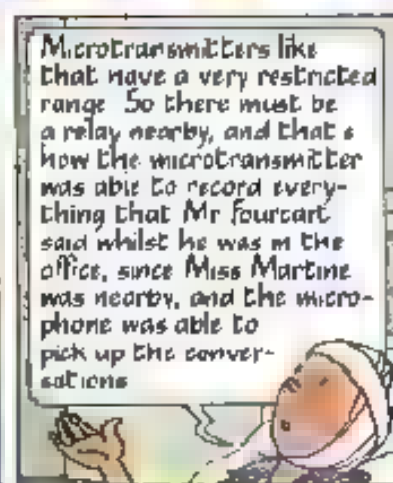


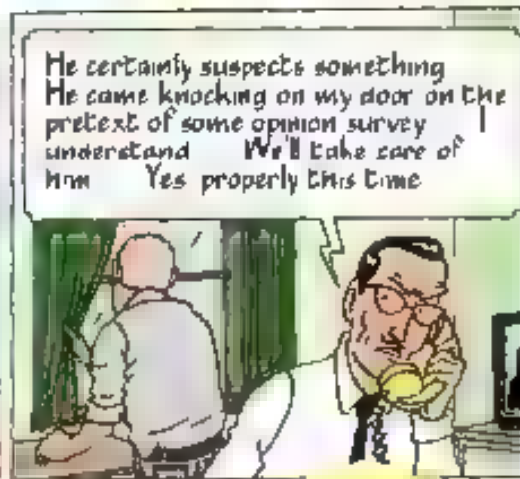
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



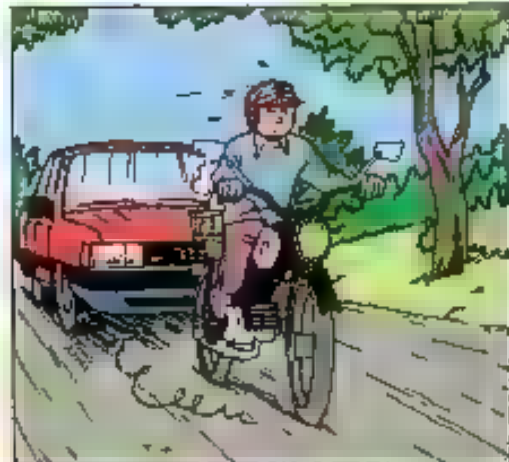
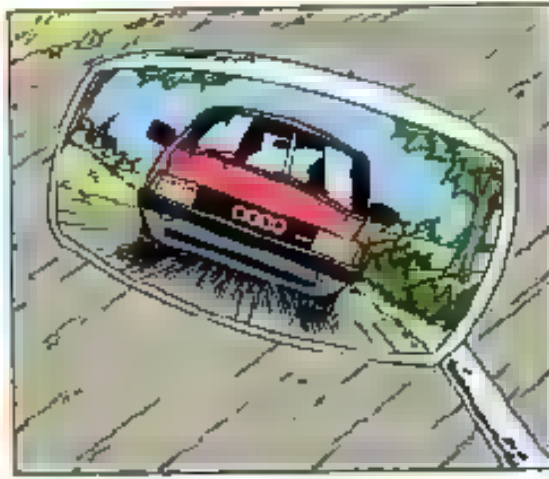
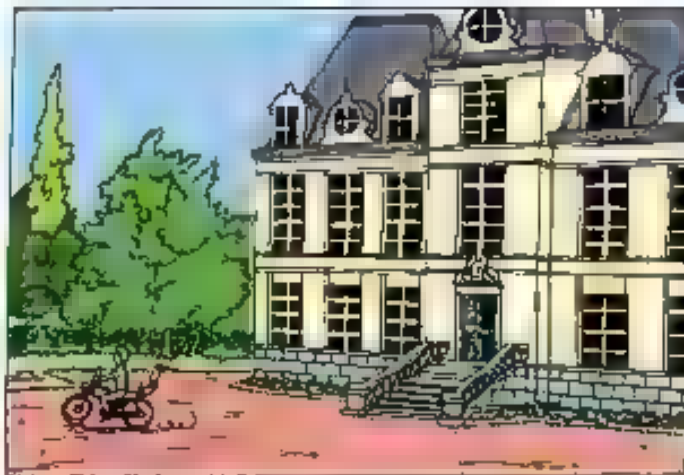


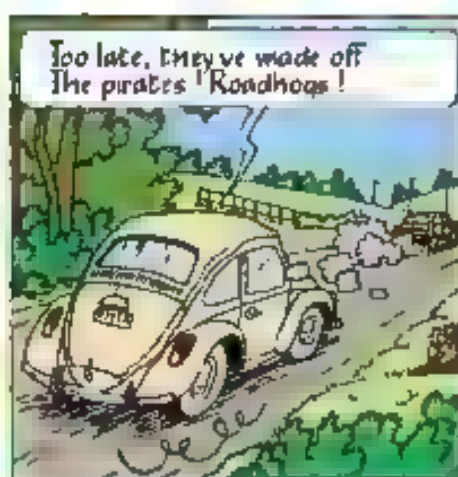
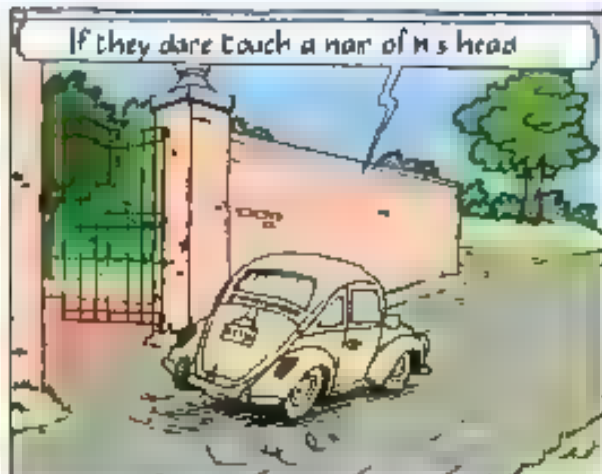


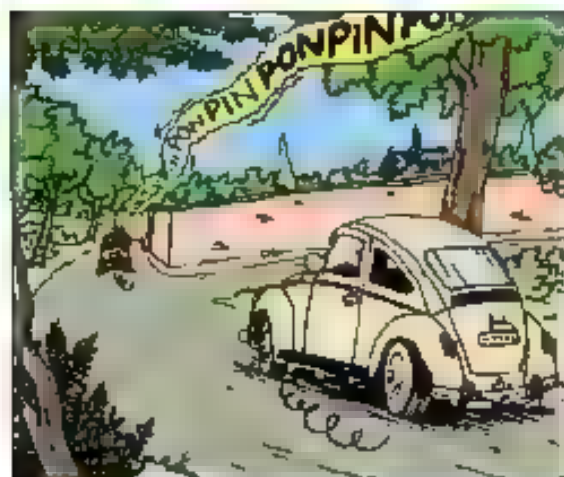
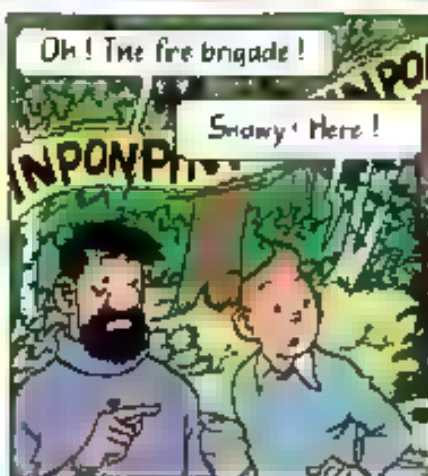


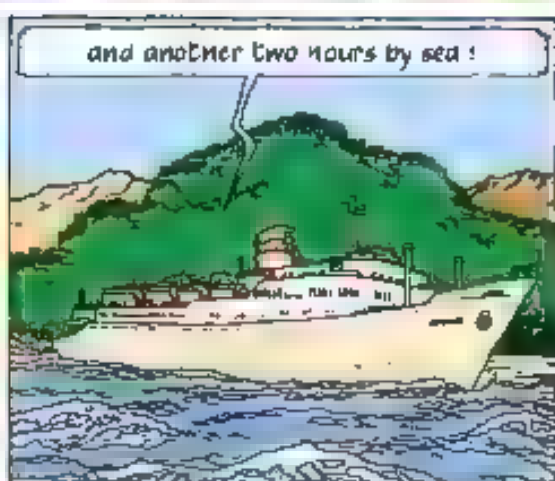
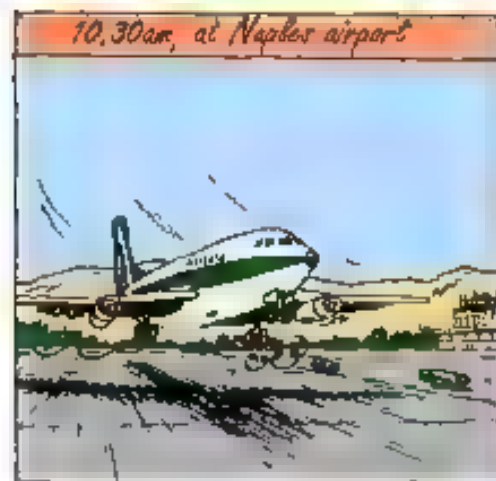
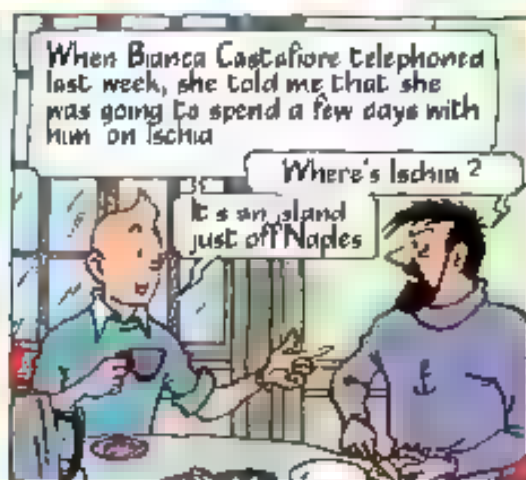


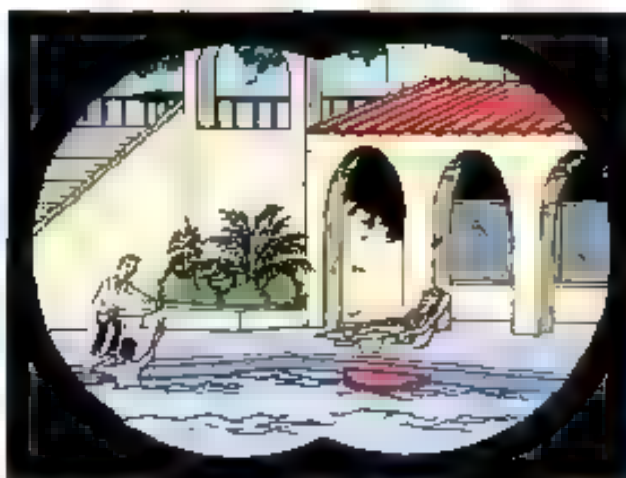
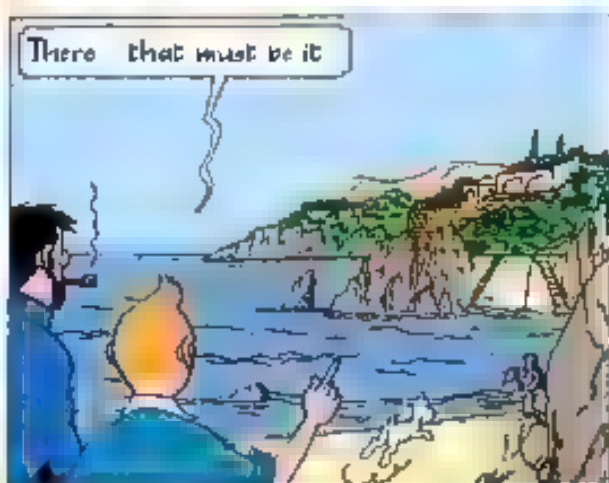
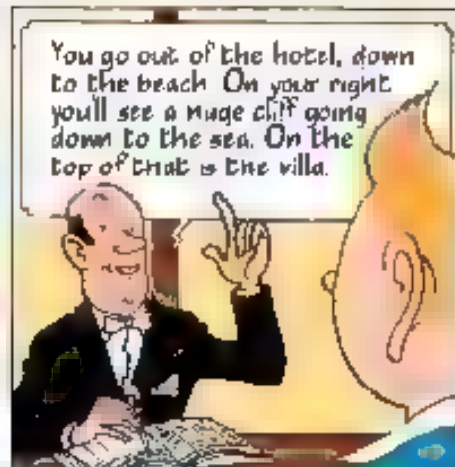
TO BE CONTINUED

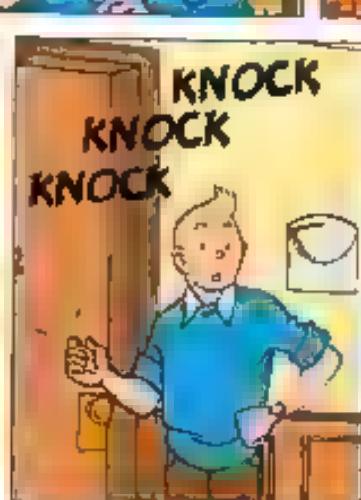
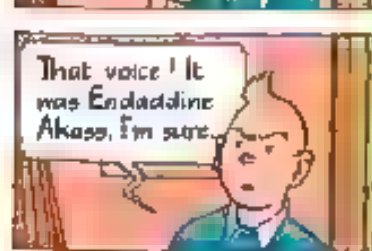
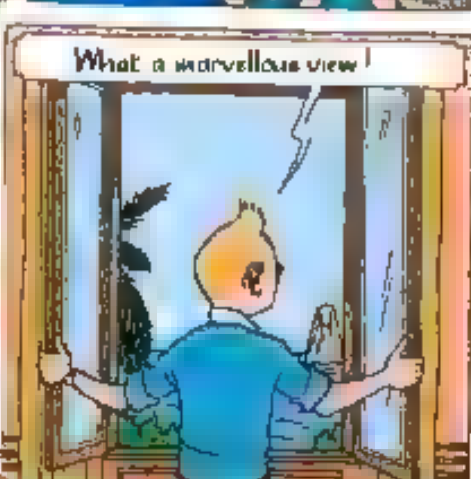
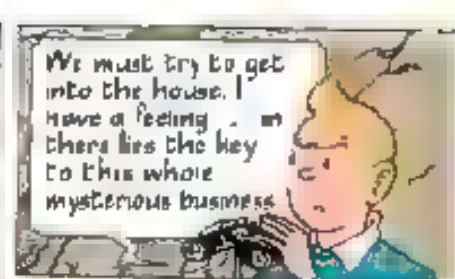
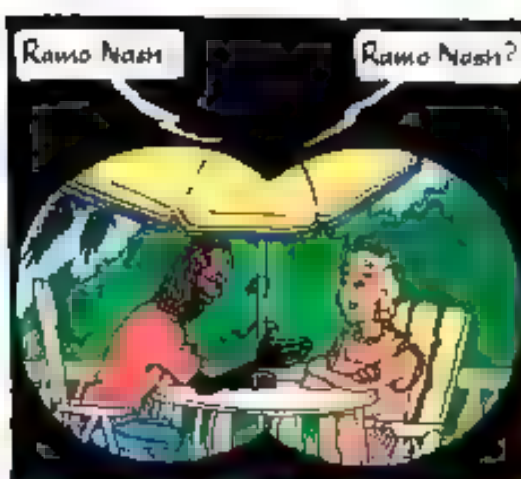


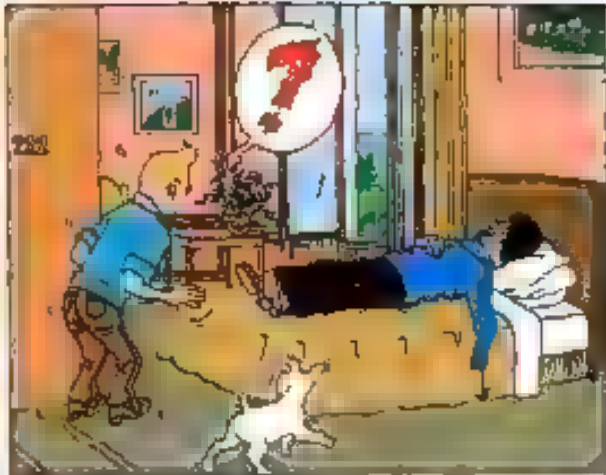




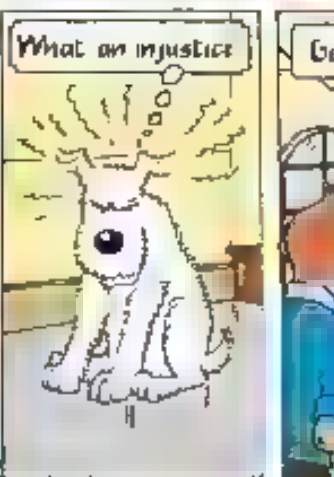






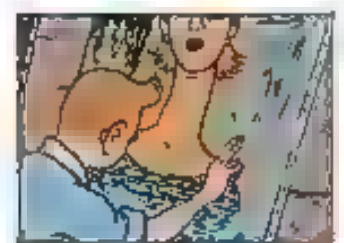
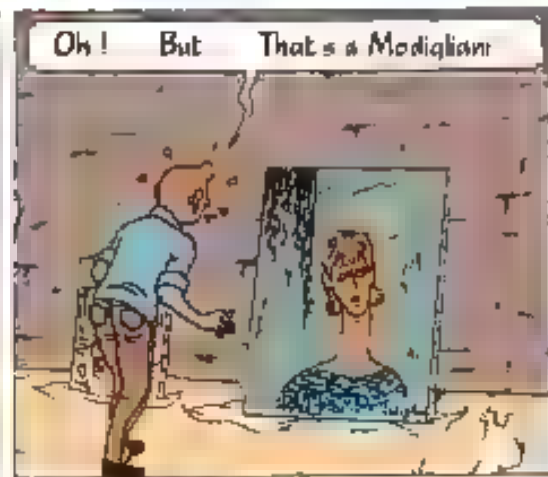
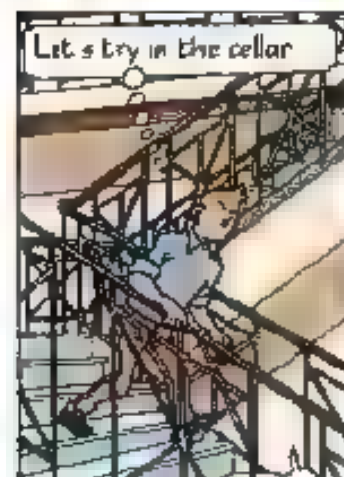
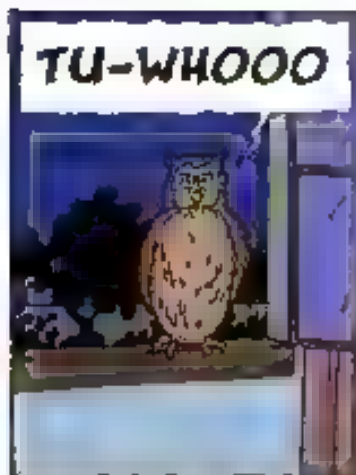






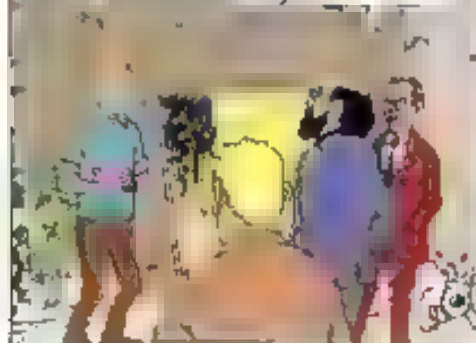
(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear



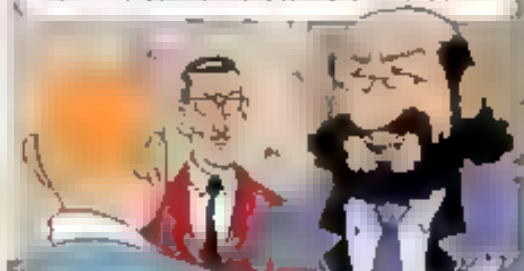


Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him?

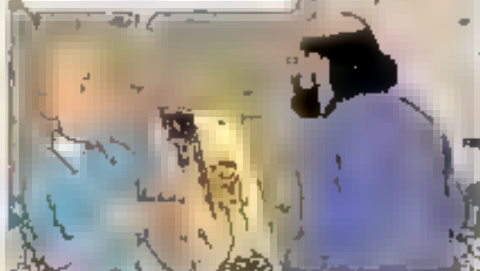


It's our dear Ramo Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to.

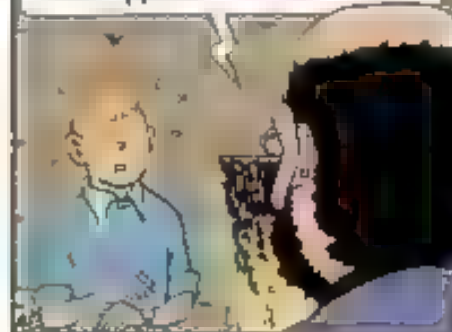


Brades, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monaster, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see.



And this is one of his Expansions.



Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you - you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert.



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector. You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled Reporter

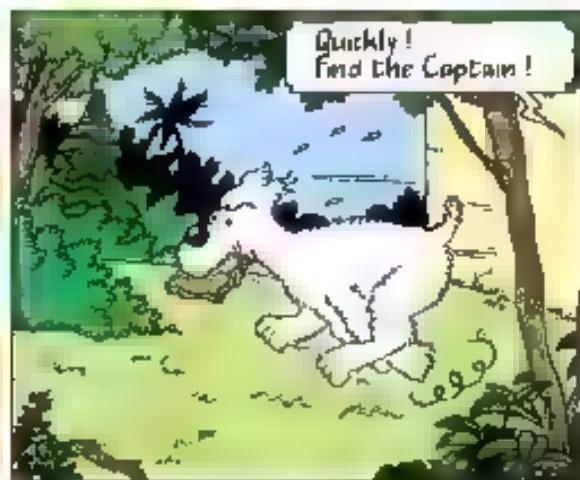
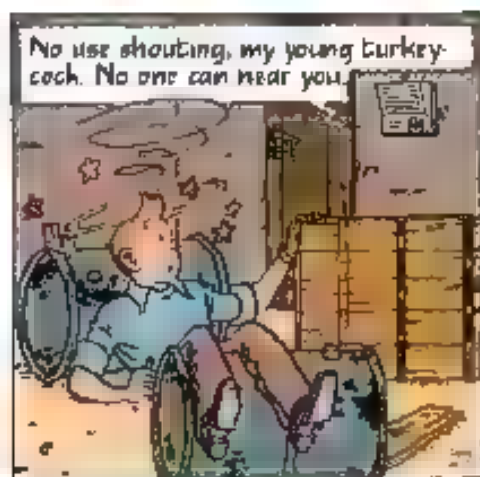


constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.



Come on, move! Where's Snowy?





Time passes . .

And at dawn

Get up ! On your feet !

Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a Cesar

It's in there after you, my friend

Good morning my dear Tintin !
Allow me to show you your last resting place

Up there the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and beats them at the same time. This leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it Cesar

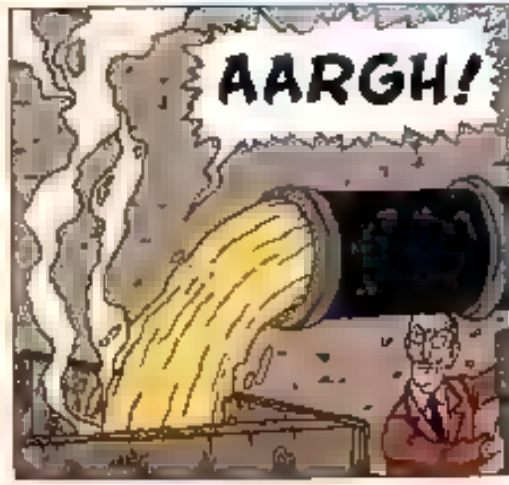
Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing

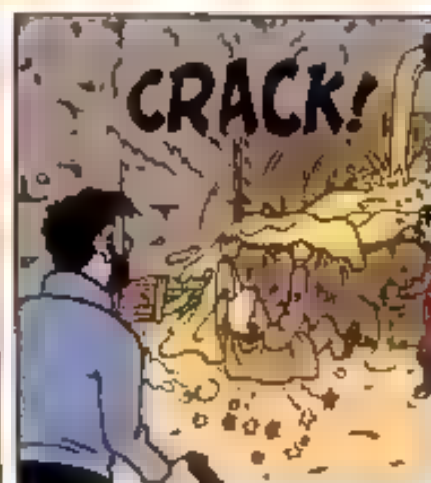
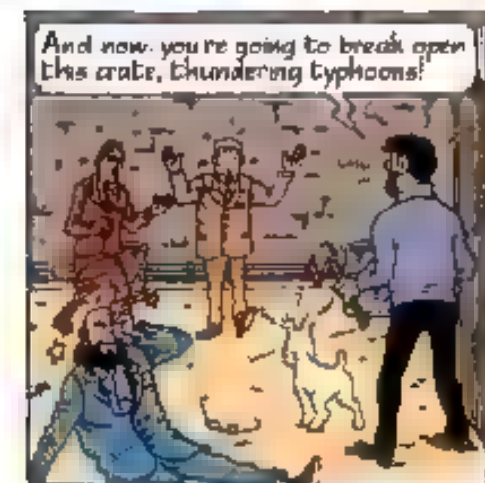
Must play for time!

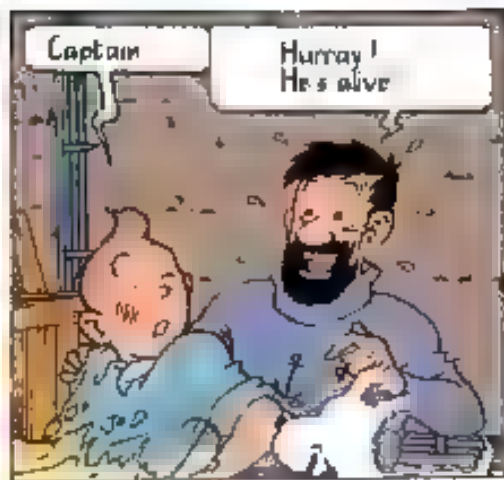
But ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash ? After all it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in

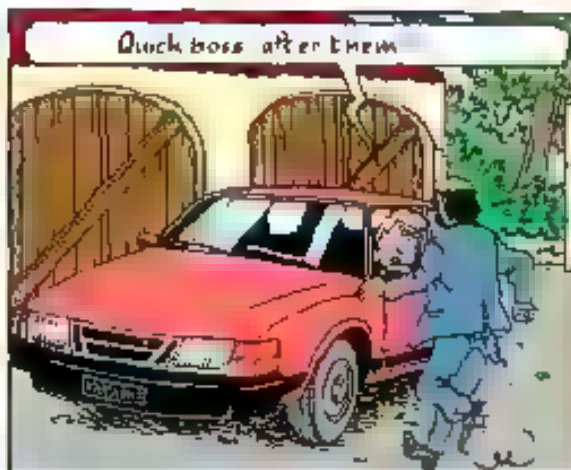
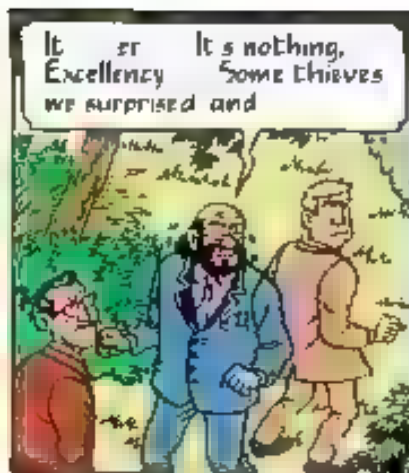
Oh no ! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods
Ha ! Ha ! Ha

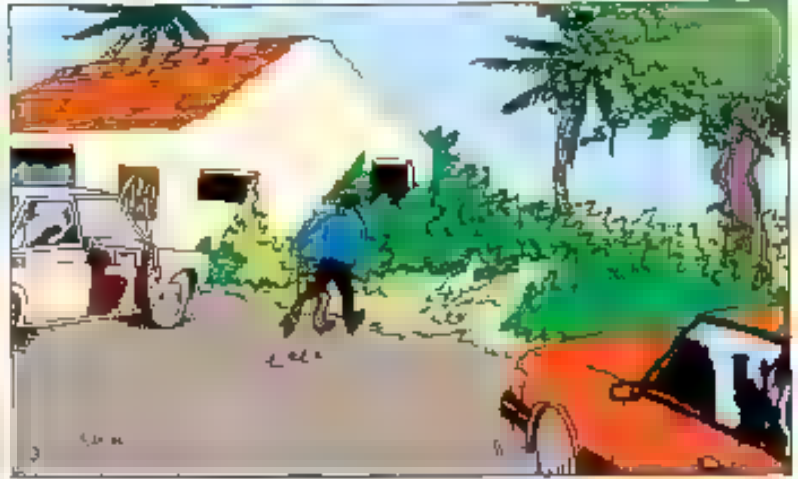
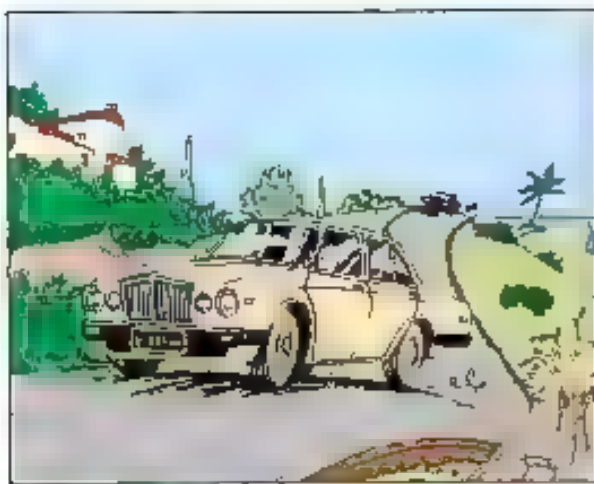
Now the formalities are over with
Get in ! Let's go

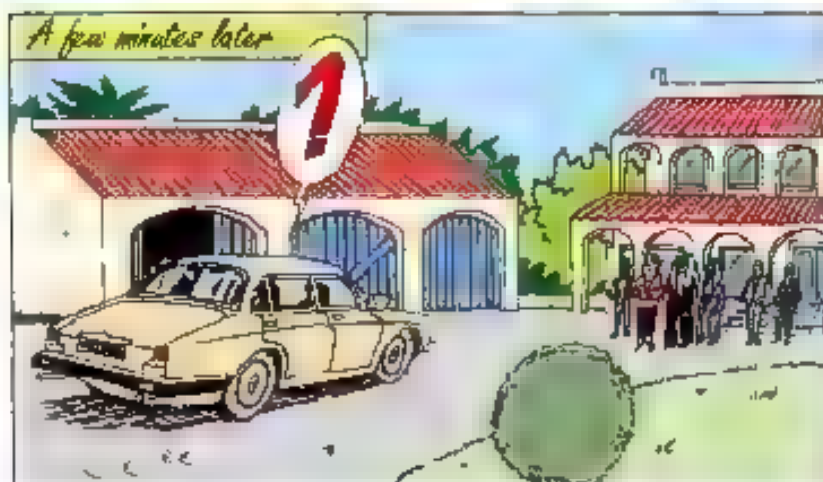
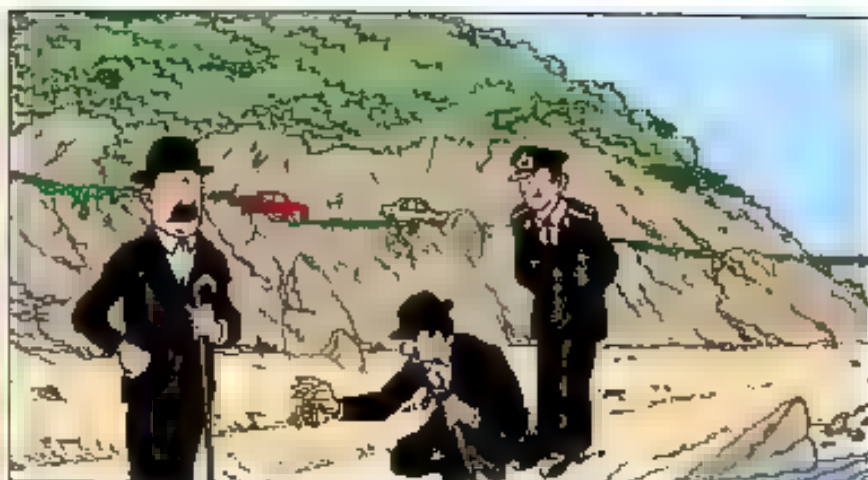


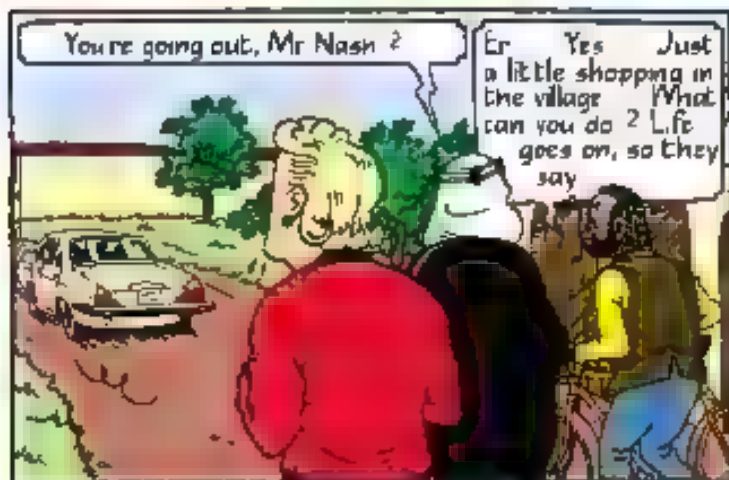
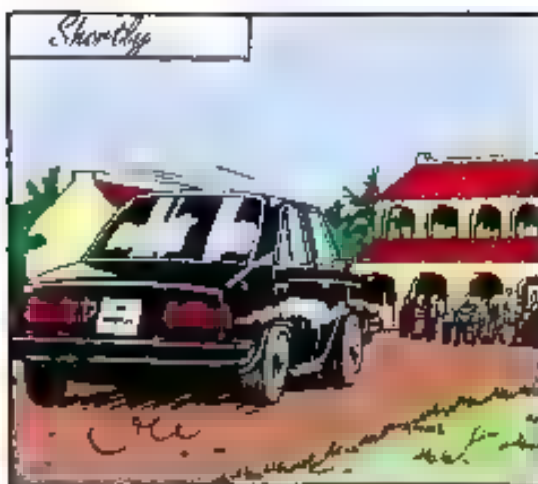


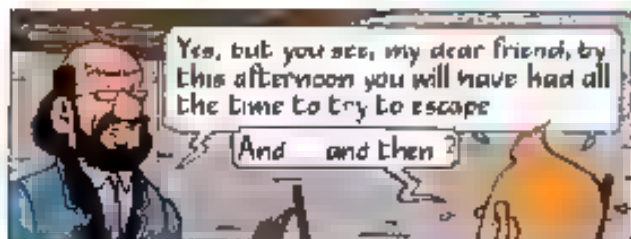
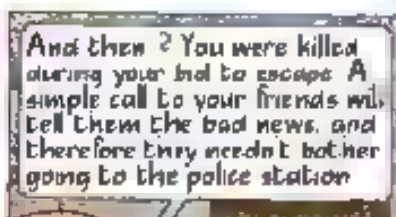
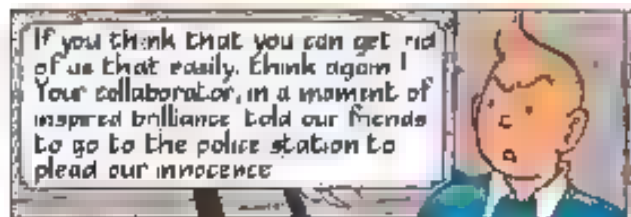












RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha Ha



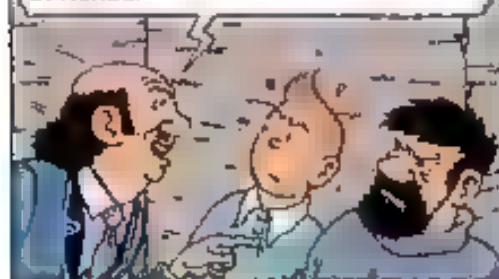
But But 2 It's impossible
saw you go down with your bunch
in the Red Sea 1. You're dead!



Ha That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know we've met since that day,
although you don't remember



Some years ago I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszio Carnadas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour 2



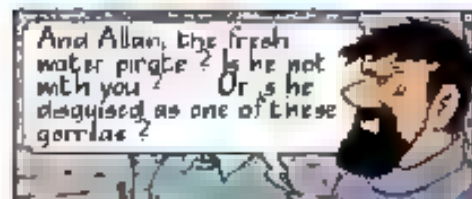
Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was des-
troyed by a volcano
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic



After my escape I met Nash in Jamaica
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recrui-
ting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly



And Allan, the fresh
water pirate? Is he not
with you? Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorillas?



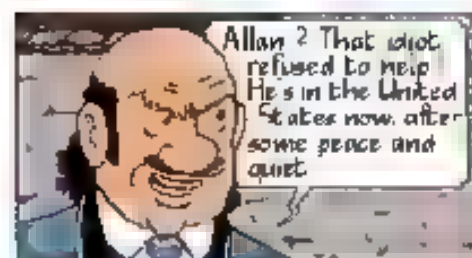
Meanwhile, in the United States



And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to
You ask too many ques-
tions young man



Allan? That idiot
refused to help
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet



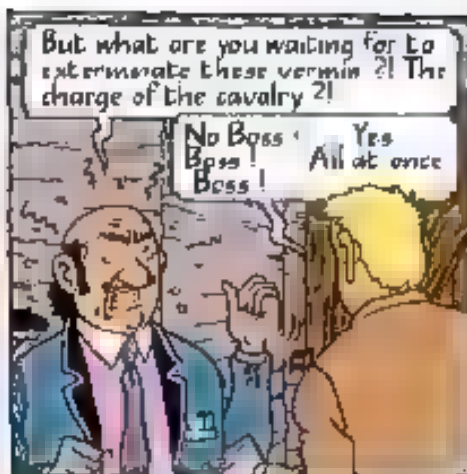
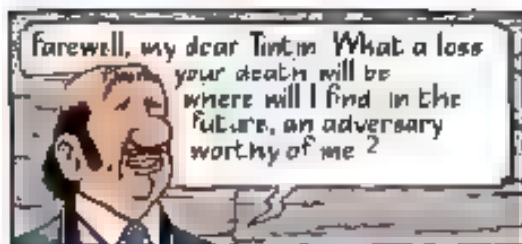
But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time aren't they?
Well game over, my friend!

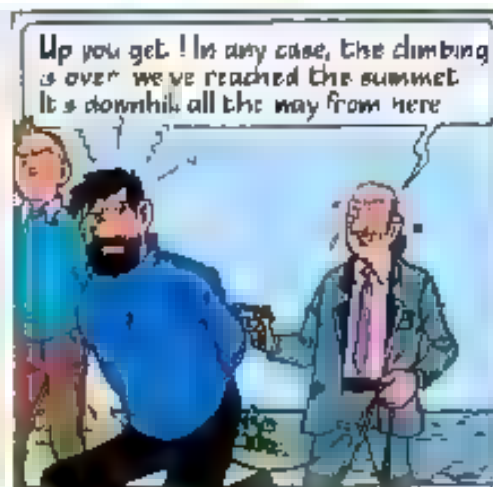
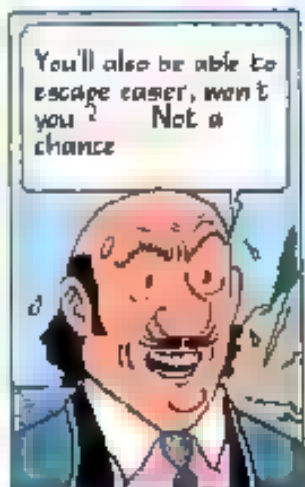


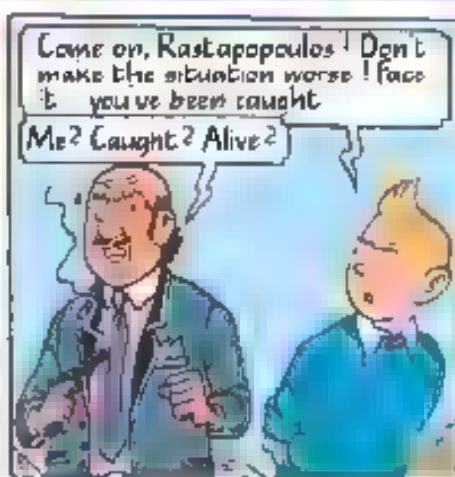
We've wasted enough time! Finish them
With pleasure, boss

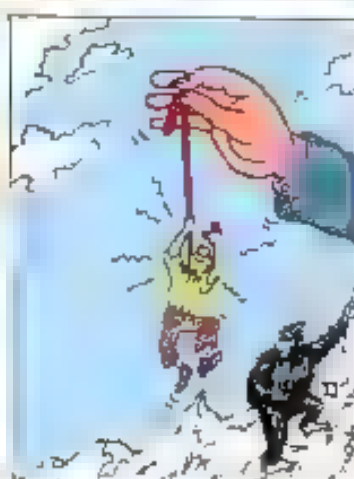


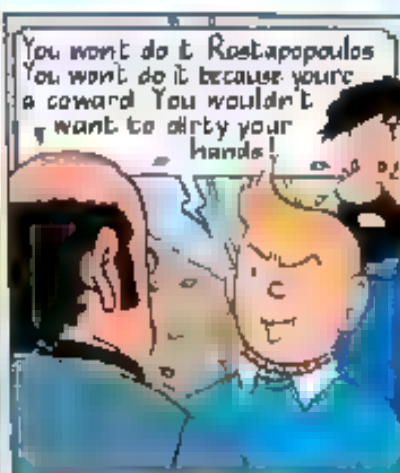
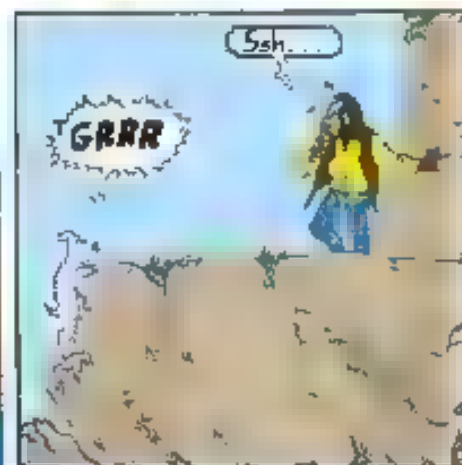
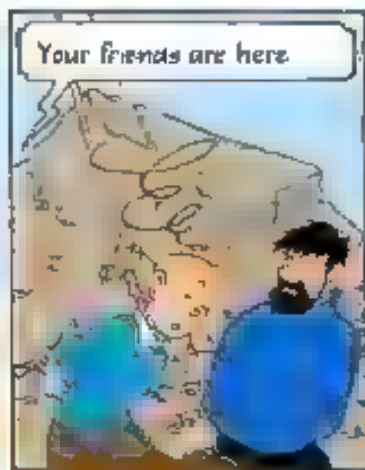
1 See The Red Sea Sharks
2 See Flight 714

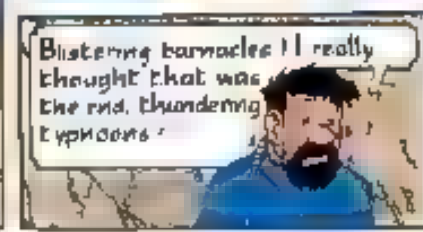
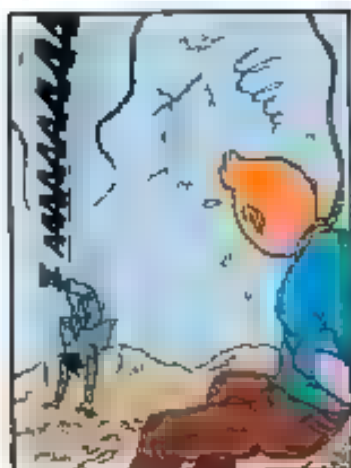




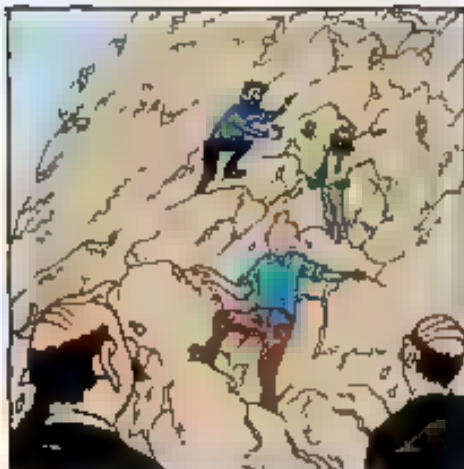








And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew Well you certainly had an arrow escape... no a narrow

Definitely!... But how did you find us here, in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings. We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

Ah?



Come on, we'd better go down and find the

the bandit.

That's right



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station. He told us of your bizarre arrest. Then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash... er...

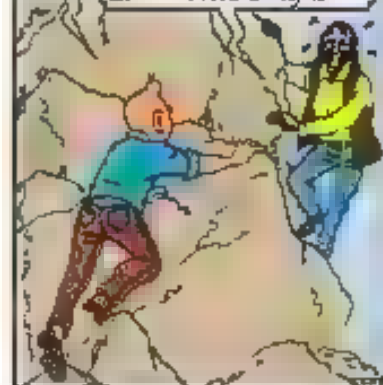


Nash But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings they were fakes



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?

Er... that's right



But I'm not a bad man! When Rastapopoulos met me in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist.



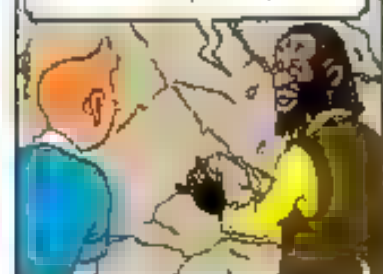
Then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



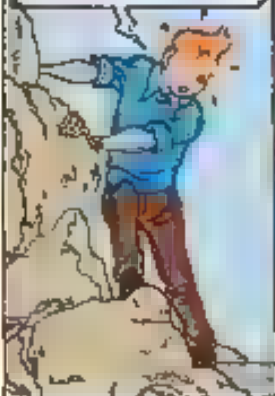
And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift I'd always done that



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah! There! I think I see him.



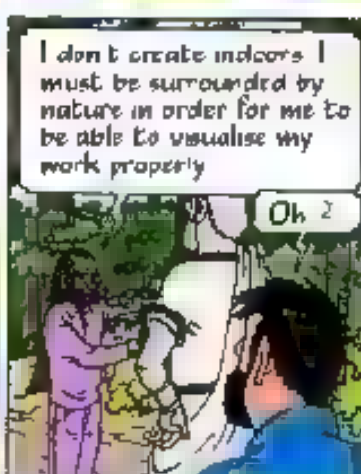
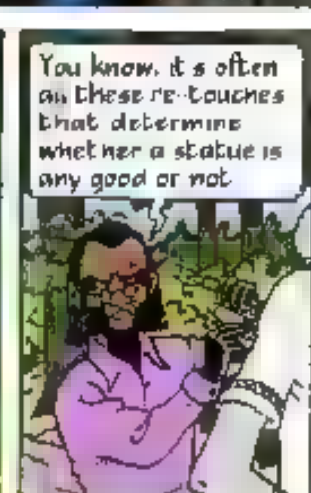
Is is he?

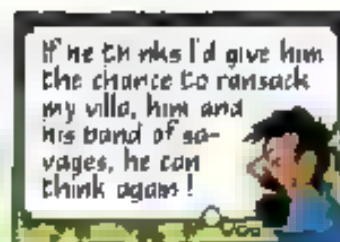


Yes dead. God rest his soul!























TINTIN

and

ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.